A

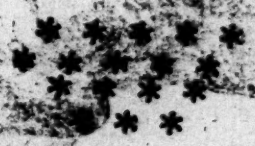
New Year's GIFT:

INTITUL'D,

Sacred Contentment,

To Her Sacred Majesty

Queen ANNE.



From her Dutiful,

And Loyal Subject,

Perigrine Sheeres.

To the Honourable

SIR STEPHEN FOX

SIR

SEeing the Stranger in Holy Writ is, by Divine Appointment, recommended to the Charity and Generoſity of the Place where by the Malevolence of Fortune he is oblig'd to Refuge, I am bold, being one of her Caſt-aways, (but guided by the Brightneſs of your Character and Candor) to make a Tender of this ſmall Poem, entitl'd *Sacred Contentment*, to your judicious Acceptance.

A Domeſtick formerly, and a Stranger now, of a Figure not long ſince ſomething better than indifferent, and at preſent a Cypher; but ſince all Worldly Affairs are liable to a Turn, and that we muſt all turn into the Grave, Mutability can be no Man's Wonder, there being nothing in this Life free from Change and Chance but *Sacred Contentment*, which to the laſt will ſtay with us when Matters of the greateſt Moment exits of a ſudden and wings away.

This is that Divine and Heavenly Ray which ſhines upon the Soul, and enlightens all about it; in whoſe undiſturb'd and Halcion Territories, all is within ſedate, and all without ſerene and quiet: A Virtue which I hope is yours, and not only taken full Poſſeſſion of your generous Breaſt, but will oblige you to diſpenſe with this enforc'd Rudeneſs, and lead you by the Hand to thoſe eternal Manſions, where *true Content* is the chief Beatitude.

Your Dutiful Servant,

PEREGRINE SHERES.

An ACROSTICK upon the *NAME* of Her Moſt Sacred Majeſty.

Being a New-Year's-Gift humbly Dedicated to the QUEEN, *&c.*

A s Good, as Great, Benevolent and Juſt,
N ever did Heav'n its regal Power intruſt,
N or crown a Female Brow with more Succeſs
A s *Ann*'s incircl'd with, as *Anne* doth Bleſs.

S afely conducted by bright *Stella*'s Ray,
T he *Magi* three worſhipt the God of Day;
V ying with each we ſhould as theſe did do,
A pproach our Saviour and our Sov'raign too.
R eligious *Anne* renown'd for Grace and Love,
T rue to *Eccleſia*, and in Life a Dove,
U nder whoſe Wing could we our Weal forſee,
S edate we all might live, we all might be.

R eever'd by All, may all reſpect her Fame,
E xert their Power to exalt her Name:
G rac'd with her Peoples Love, her Peoples Hearts,
J ointly whilſt we acknowledge her Deſerts;
N urs'd up for Heav'n, may Heav'n prolong her Days,
A nd after Ages Anthem out her Praiſe.

M ild and Majeſtick, moſt Benign and Good,
A Traytor can't be Traytor if he wou'd.
G racious and kind, Magnificence the Charm,
N o Whig nor Tory now her Reign can harm,
J udgement and Juſtice both do's both diſarm.

B ritannia's Veſſel thus bleſt *Anne* doth ſteer,
R ejecting Danger, but exempt from Fear.
J eſus for us did not contemn nor ſcorn,
T o be by Woman rul'd, of Woman born.
A Queen, ſo Good and Juſt, ſo far from Pride,
N ulls quite the *Sallique* Law, and makes it void.
I n whoſe kind Influence may all Men reſt,
A nd all the *Virtues* vote her *Anne* the Bleſt.

FINIS.

ALTARKEIA SACRA.

AUTARKEIA SACRA.

Irradies noſtram Lucis PATER alme, Poëſin,
Gaudia tranquillæ conſignet ut enthea Mentis.

SAcra coronatum præit AUTARCHEIA Monarcham;
Manna quod internâ Cordis ſervatur in Arcâ;
Automaton firmo precellens nobile motu
Ille lapis, plumbum quo tranſmutatur in Aurum;
Turturis in Roſtro delatus Ramus Olivæ;
Anchora quæ tumidis Navem tutatur in Undis;
Grata Quies Bellis, ſedatum Flatibus Æquor;
Æſtibus Umbra favens, Lumen ſolare Pruinis.
Cœlitus illabens, devoti Muſica Cordis,
Eſt Paradiſiaci Præluſio lecta Canoris,
Quæ manat Mellis Cananitis Terra fluentis,
Quæ Viræ Fructum producit fertilis Arbor;
Ornatus torto Phrygius ſpectabilis Auro,
Splendeat interno cum Regia Virgo paratu,

Gu-

SACRED CONTENTMENT.

Sole LORD of Bliſs, ſend down a gracious BEAM,
To clear his Thoughts, who makes CONTENT his Theam.

CONTENT *tranſcends a Crown, 'tis Wiſdom's Mark;*
Choice Manna treaſur'd in Religion's Ark;
A perfect Watch, whoſe Motions firmly hold;
A Chymick Stone, which Lead converts to Gold;
An Olive-branch brought in a Turtle's Bill;
An Anchor, which at Sea ſecures us ſtill;
A Calm in Storms, a Peace where Wars invade;
In Froſts a Sun-ſhine, and in Heats a Shade.
That high-tun'd Harmony for which we long;
A ſweet Præludium to a Heav'nly Song;
A Canaan *that with Streams of Honey flows;*
A Graft whereon the Fruit of Life's Tree grows;
The Embroid'ry which the King's fair Daughter wears,
When ſhe all glorious in her Soul appears;

Gemmarum Princeps, Cordis Carbunculus, illo
Qui radiat, primæ ceu Lucis ſtella, refulget.
Mens ſed iniqua ſacri langueſcit Muneris Actu,
Neſcit & exactis Rationis Legibus uti,
Involvit Tenebris Lumen ſolabile cæcis,
Nos premit adverſis, nobis Benefacta retardat;
Aridus eſt Hydrops, conſumens corpus ab acri,
Cujus Fermento quodvis Solamen aceſcit,
Spina tumeſcentem faciens putreſcere partem,
Criminibus prævens Aditus Diruptio cunctis.
Crux gravis ipſa ſibi, proprijs configitur Armis,
Cujus Pompa Parens, cujus Vexatio Nutrix;
Hæc fera Pectoribus quorum dominatur Erinnis,
Illi ſub gemino luctantur pondere preſſi;
Anxietas Animi, non Infortunia, turbat;
Non Ratis externis, quin hauſtis mergitur Undis;
Dum Mens mundanis nimis eſt exercita curris,
Optima venturi ſpes prætermittitur Ævi.
Alta petit, ſpreto, ſacra CONTENTATIO, Mundo;
Nec metuit curtum per Vitæ Tempora Cenſum;

Gaza

The Heart's bright Ruby; who's with this endu'd,
Shines like a Star of the first Magnitude.

But DISCONTENT *the active Mind withdraws*
From sacred Duties, crosseth Reason's Laws;
Changeth to dismal Night sweet Comfort's Day,
Prolongeth Crosses, and doth Blessings stay;
'Tis a dry Dropsy, that consumes Life's Powers,
A Lump of Leaven that each Comfort sowres;
A pricking Thorn, that festers in the Mind;
A Breach where all Temptations Entrance find.

This lies in Labour of its own Distress,
Brought forth by Pride, brought up by Peevishness;
That NABAL *Heart in which this makes Abode,*
Like ISSACHAR, *doth couch 'twixt double Load:*
For DISCONTENT, *not Miseries, weigh us down,*
Water within, not that without, does drown:
While to Life's Moment all our Care we bend,
We live unmindful of a Deathless End.

CONTENT, *rejecting Toys, minds Things to come,*
Assur'd to have enough to bring her Home;

Riches

Gaza fugit, pereunt evanida Gaudia Secli;
Lampyris est Vermis, quamvis sub Nocte coruscat:
Thesauris inhiet vastis licet acer Avarus,
Divitiæ certò consistunt limite voti:
Gratâ collatos conservat Mente Favores,
Huic ergò plena confert DEUS omnia Penu.
Num malè respondent Meritis, qui Sanguine juncti,
A quibus Obsequij sperares Debita summi:
An sint cognati, velut immemor ille Josephi,
Est quibus oblitus post Munus Muneris Author?
(Res quamvis Amor est alterna, tenentq; Ligatos
Dona receptantes, stimulatq; ad Mutua Virtus)
NUMINIS Immensi firmum mirare Favorem,
Exuperat cunctas cujus Clementia grates.
Dimidiumne tui charum deperdis Amicum,
Cui secreta sinu monstrâras cuncta recluso?
Cordatus proprio satis est in Pectore felix;
Subsidio non orbus erit, licet orbus Amico:
Lætitiæ internos ducit Mens sana triumphos,
Extra privatam nec quærit Gaudia Sphæram;

Riches take Wing, and Worldly Pleaſure's light,
Glow-worms are worthleſs, tho' they ſhine by Night:
She bids the Worldling not at Wealth aſpire,
The greateſt Wealth is to contract Deſire;
She treaſures Mercies in a grateful Heart,
CONTENT *and* Thankfulneſs *all Bliſs impart.*

In thy RELATIONS *meet'ſt thou with Neglect,*
Where moſt of Gratitude thou might'ſt expect?
Are thine ALLIES, *like* JOSEPH's *careleſs Friend,*
Who have forgot thee, having got their End?
Tho' Love doth Love require, and Bounty binds,
And hath Returns from all, but ſervile Minds;
Admire GOD's *conſtant Love, which knows no Banks,*
As far beyond thy Merit as thy Thanks.

Doſt loſe thy Friend, to whom thou didſt divide
Thy Soul, and didſt, as in thy ſelf, confide?
The wiſe Man's happy in himſelf alone,
And if he have no Friend, he needeth none;
Joys triumph in his Breaſt, his generous Mind
In its own Sphere doth Satisfaction find;

From

Eſt ſibi Solamen Solus Solaminis AUTHOR;
Non caret Effectu, dum Cauſa ſuprema tuetur.

Si ſis afflictus, purgatur ab ignibus Aurum;
Fax, alliſa Solo, Flammis majoribus ardet:
Vertitur in nitidas patiens Afflictio Gemmas,
Stellatoq; piam cingit Diademate Frontem:
Annumerato tuis Damnis non Damna ſubire;
Crux pro Dote ſibi, quæ CHRISTI Sponſa fidelis:
NUMINIS haud minimum reputes te æquare Favorem;
Eſt Favor æterno non exardere Barathro.

Multiplicatne tuos Eccleſia preſſa timores,
Quæ non tam Lachrymis, quam merſa Cruore videtur;
Ceu generoſa gravi ſub Pondere Palma reſurget;
Deſinet in Lætum ſibi Pugna cruenta Triumphum;
Præcedunt ſummæ Dilucula prima Tenebræ;
Meſſis ſementem penſabit amenior udam:
Illâ quæque Soror ſubmittet Luce Joſephi
Mergitibus Fratum velut incurvare Manipli.

An te Peccati crucient Meditamina? Chriſtum
Sollicites precibus, ſubeuntem tormina pro te

From Comfort's AUTHOR *he his Comfort draws,*
He wants not the Effect, who hath the Cause.
Art thou afflicted? GOD *his Gold refines*
By Fire; the Link, when bruised, brighter shines.
CONTENTMENT *turns Afflictions into Gems,*
Disconsolations into Diadems.
He most is lost who knows no Worldly Loss,
The SPOUSE *of* CHRIST *is jointur'd in his Cross;*
Esteem thy self than all God's Mercies less,
To be on this Side Hell is Happiness.
Are for the CHURCH *thy sympathizing Fears,*
Which seem to sink as deep in Blood as Tears?
Have Faith; she shall, like Palms depress'd, rise high,
Her Visitations end in Victory.
'Tis darkest nigh the Dawn; 'tis this her chears,
She'll reap in Comfort what she sows in Tears:

And then each Sister-Church shall Reverence shew,
As did those Sheaves which did to JOSEPH *bow.*
Art griev'd for Sin? To thy REDEEMER *go*
By faithful Pray'r, who underwent thy Woe,

And

In Cruce transfixus, Mortem qui Morte ſubegit;
Qui cum Peccatum tulit in ſe, ſuſtulit illud:
Letho Vita data eſt, ut Letho Vita daretur:
Gratia tanta Fidem SOTERIS roboret almam.
Munus inauditum! Talem quis novit Amorem?
Cum tuus eſt JESUS, ſoli ſis Servus JESU.

Felix qui Verbo renovatâ Mente JEHOVÆ
Nititur, amoto qui Cœlum ſuſpicit Orbe;
Novit at immunis Curæ, preſentibus uti:
Non Luxus cupidus, cupidus nec Honoris, Opumve:
Nam fidendo DEO, ſibi ſuffeciſſe, Voluptas
Maxima, Virtutum Virtus, Decor eſtq; Decorum,
Eſt mala ferre malum Mens neſcia; quiſquis es ergo
Hoc querulum mæſtis Vitium defleto Querelis.

FINIS.

And on his Croſs did Sin's full Ranſom pay,
There took Sin, only to take Sin away.
Love's LIFE *choſe Death, that Death Love's Life might gain;*
He's thine by Grace, thou his by Faith remain.
O wondrous Gift! Such Love was never known;
Since He is thine, be never thou thine own.
Thrice happy he who on GOD's WORD *relies,*
And ſlighting Earth, to Heav'n erects his Eyes,
Who, free from Care, is pleas'd with what is his;
The World's whole Lott'ry proves one Blank to this:
For who CONTENTMENT *in the* HIGH'ſt *doth place,*
Hath Joys Joy, Virtue's Virtue, Grace's Grace.
VEXATION *is a Sin, for that lament,*
Moſt diſcontented for thy DISCONTENT.

F I N I S.

And on his Crop did Sin's Fat Carkass prey,
There reck'ning only to make Sin merry.
Love's LIFE chief Death, that Death Love's Life might Pain;
He's thine by Grace, thou his by Faith remain.
O wondrous Gift! Since Love was never known;
Since He is thine, be never thou thine own.
Thrice happy he who on GOD's WORD relies,
And fighting Faith, to Heav'n wafts his Eyes,
Who, free from Care, is pleas'd with what is his;
The World's whole Entry proves one Blank to this:
For who CONTENTMENT in the HIGH'ST do'th place,
Hath Joys Top, Natures Throne, Grace's Crown.
VEXATION is a Sin for the Saints,
Myst discountenanced for thy DISCONTENT.

FINIS.